



J. Bonneau. inv. et fecit



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1486. pp. 19.
A N G L I N G S

S. J.
K
A
P O E M.

Tytire amas Rivos, Rives tibi, Tytire dicam.

RAP.

— *Si quid novisti rectius Istis,
Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum.* HOR.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for H. Slater, in Clement's-Inn, and F.
Noble, at Otway's Head in St. Martin's-Court,
near Leicester-Fields, 1741.



THE

13098

Innocent Epicure :

OR, THE

Art of Angling.

A

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L O N D O N,

Printed by H. MEERE, for R. GOSLING at
the *Mitre and Crown* against *St. Dunstan's*
Church in *Fleet-Street*. 1713.

P R E F A C E.

THE Copy of this Poem being sent to me from the unknown Author, with Commission to publish or suppress it, as I thought fitting, his Indifference about the Matter convinc'd me, that he was a Gentleman who wrote it for his Diversion, or at least in Kindness to those who are Lovers of that ingenious and innocent Recreation, concerning which he has made so judicious Observations; I immediately communicated the Sight of his Manuscript to several experienc'd Anglers, (and some of 'em no Enemies to the Muses) who agreed in their Opinions, that notwithstanding the Confinement that Verse lays upon a Writer, it far excels any Thing that has been publish'd in Prose upon this Subject, even in the useful and instructive Part of the Work. They assur'd me, that it contains all the necessary Rules that have yet been deliver'd; and those Rules digested into a much better Method; together with several uncommon and surprizing Remarks, which many who are reputed Artists at the Sport, may receive Advantage by.

This was all that seem'd needful to be said of the Performance, with Relation to the Angler's Business; and in Reference to the Poetry, 'tis certain that ever Man will judge for himself; and the modestest Account that I can give of it, will be most acceptable to an Author who conceals his Name.

The Cast and Design of the Work are after the Model of ancient and best receiv'd Poets on such Arguments: The Style lively, and as elevated as was proper for the Matter of which he treats, and discovers a Genius capable of managing a greater Subject: The Numbers are smooth and easy; and if there is not always a servile Strictness of Rhime, that seems to me a judicious Negligence, (in a Piece where Nature ought to have the Ascendant) and becoming a Gentleman who wrote for his Pleasure, and makes not Poetry his Profession.

His Digressions, as they were necessary to relieve the Driness of prescribing Directions, so are they sensible and entertaining.

I have only this to add, that since the Author's Scene lies in the Country, in the Solitude of Rivers and Meadows, I presume there needs no Apology for publishing herewith so good a Copy of that original Landskip of Retirement, which was long since so admirably drawn by *Horace*. Nor can any contemplative Person be offended at my publishing both, since they were both committed to my Disposal.

N. TATE.

The Author's PREFACE to this SECOND EDITION.

Was reviewing this little Piece, the Issue of my more juvenile Minutes, when an intimate Friend surpriz'd me ere was possible for me to lay it aside. As the Subject was always very grateful to me, so it was manag'd more for my own particular Diversion, than any Design either of profiting by it, or of printing it. Yet my Friend, having got a Sight of it, would not be deny'd a thorough Perusal; when fancying he saw somewhat a little above the common, nothing would serve him, but it must to the Press. All my Imporunity would not redeem it; and it might have lain yet, more to my Satisfaction perhaps, dormant in his Possession, if I had not consider'd of this Expedient, to submit it to the Censure of Mr. Tate, and to stand or fall by his Judgment. Accordingly it was sent, with a Letter of Directions for the Return of it, if not approv'd of. I knew there was so many gross Slips, that I could never have flatter'd my self would have met with a Parson, and therefore I question'd not its speedy Return. But, as Luck would have it, whether good or bad I am not yet able to determine, Mr. Tate being a Brother of the Science, ought to have been excluded the Bench. His Relation made him too indulgent; and that ought to have over-rul'd his Sentence. But I had submitted, and there was no Appeal; so that all I had then to do to answer my importunate Friend, was, to desire Mr. Tate to read over and supervise the Thing with me, and to correct those Errors which were obvious upon a bare Reading. Nothing of the Model was to be meddl'd with, the time would not allow for that; the Summer being already far advanc'd, and consequently the Master-Part of the Art, Trout-Angling, almost over. After Mr. Tate had done me the Favour to run it over with me, I had nothing more to do to make my Promise good, but to leave it to his Disposal; and he was pleas'd to usher it into the World with a Preface I never desir'd, and therefore could be hardly thought to expect. But taking it since down with me into the Country, I began to make Observations upon my self; and notwithstanding I

The Author's Preface to this Second Edition.

never had any very extraordinary Opinion of the Performance, I found there were many Defects, and not a few Weaknesses, which a little Time and Observation would have prevented. I could not always make my Book my Companion, immediately to set down my Observations; sometimes the Nature of the Fishing, (as the Fly-Fishing for Trout) and sometimes Convenience, or perhaps Negligence, forbid it; but such as recurr'd to my Memory, on what I had formerly wrote, I have noted in their proper Places: And yet it is very certain, after all, that there is and will be great Room for Alteration and Amendment; for the wise Man has told us, There is nothing under the Sun that is perfect; and Angling, like all other Arts and Sciences, is capable of Improvement. As to the poetical Faults, I can say but very little; not that they are few, but because they are no more than I could make. The Rhimes, as my Friend Mr. Tate very well takes Notice, are not always severely just; nor indeed (tho' I absolutely approve of Rhime in Poetry) do I think there is such a necessary Justness to be observ'd, which may any Ways exclude good thinking. At that Rate, to write Poetry, were only to jingle; and I question whether any wise Man would think it worth his while to dispute his Skill, where every School-boy that has heard of Crambo, would without any great Difficulty get the better of him. If there be not that great Disproportion to offend a tolerable Ear, it is as much as was intended; for I think it never was any Part of the Character of a Man of Sense, to run too much after Sound. As to the Additions, whoever is at the Trouble of comparing, will find 'em large, and that they well evince the Truth of what I at first advanc'd, that Precipitation had not a little contributed to render it imperfect. Not that I yet am so vain to esteem the Work even now correct; but on the other Hand, I will without Vanity be bold to say, there is some Justice done it in the Corrections. But I leave it, such as it is, to the ingenious Reader; and as to the Criticks, I believe them too well employ'd to venture on so dry a Subject; which will at once secure me from their Envy and their Malice, neither of which am I at all fond of.

From





From J. S. to O. S.

HORACE Epist. X. Lib. I.

*Urbis Amatorem Fuscum Salvere jubemus
Ruris amatores, &c.*

HHealth to my Friend, who loves the Town so well;
Health from his Friend, who loves his Country
In all but this, we twin like Brother Doves,
What one dislikes, the other disapproves;
And *Covent-Garden* cooing but divides our Loves.
Thou keep'st the *Billing-Nest*; I range the Fields,
And taste what uncorrupted Nature yields;
Riot in Flowers, and wanton in the Woods,
Bask on the mossy Banks, and skim along the Floods.
In short, I live, and reign, and joy to be
From all thy much-mistaken Blessings free;
And, as the Slave the *Flamens* Surfeits fled,
Nauseate the Honey-Cakes, and feast on Bread.

If Happiness of Life be worth our Care,
(And he who builds, should nicely chuse his Air)
Tell me the Place that with the Country vies
In easy Blessings, and in native Joys ;
Where chearful Hearths deceive the Cold so well,
Or gentle Gales the raging Beams repel ;
When both the Lyon and the Dog conspire,
With furious Rays to set the Day on Fire.
Where then, ah! where, but here, can Sleep maintain
(That slave in Courts) her soft Imperial Reign?
Is *Parian* Marble press'd beneath thy Feet,
More beautiful than Flow'rs, or half so sweet?
Or Water roaring through the bursting Lead,
So pure as gliding in its easy Bed ?
Who builds in Cities, yet the Fields approves,
And hedges in with Pillars awkward Groves ;
Strives for the Country-View that farthest runs,
And tweers aloof at Beauties which he shuns.
In driving Nature out, our Force is vain,
Still the recoiling Goddess comes again ;

And

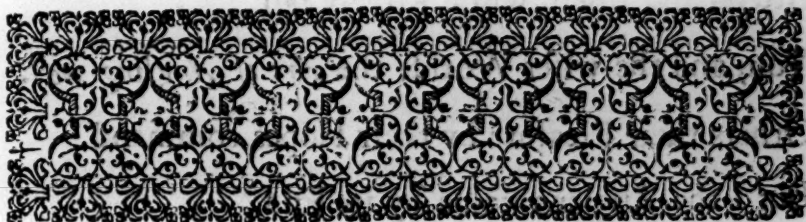
And creeps in silent Triumph, to deride
The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride,
An ignorant and uncomparing Fop,
Is cheated less in any Mercer's Shop,
Than he who cannot, with a wary Eye,
Distinguish Happiness from Vanity.
Who prosp'rous Chance too eagerly embrace,
Feel double Pangs in her averted Face.
You once must leave whatever you admire;
Ah! wisely now, and willingly retire;
Forake the gawdy Tinsel of the Great,
The peaceful Cottage beckens a Retreat:
Where true Content so true a Greatness brings,
As flights their Favorites, and pities Kings.

The Stag and Horse in common Pasture fed,
'Till Jars ensu'd, and Heels oppos'd to Head;
But Horns are lucky Things, and *Palfrey* fled;
Foaming for Spight, (and Passion is a Wit)
He fought to *Man*, and kindly took the Bit:
But when he fully had reveng'd his Cause,
The Spurs still gall'd his Sides, the Curb his Jaws.

Just

Just so the Man who has his Freedom sold
(The nobler Riches) to insulting Gold,
His Back beneath a jaunting Rider lays,
Hackney'd and spurr'd thro' all his slavish Days;
Whose Fortune is not fitted to his Will,
Too great or little, is uneasy still.
Our Shoes and Fortune surely are ally'd,
We limp in freight, and stumble in the wide.
Wisely now take what Chance and Fate afford,
Nor wish for more; I know thou wilt not hoard:
And when I labour for the fordid Gains,
Or heap the Trash, upbraid me for my Pains.
It serves or rules, where-ever Gold you find;
But still the Varlet is a Slave by *Kind*.
Receive these from thy Friend ———
Who laughs in *Kent*, from Cares and Business free,
And wanting nothing in the World, but thee.

T H E



T H E

Art of Angling.

OF Arts I sing ; mysterious Things explore,
 Paths new, and never trod in Verse before ;
 Reserv'd for thee, the Pleasures and the Pains,
 O Muse, select thy lov'd *Maonian* Strains ;
 And while the wat'ry Labyrinths we trace,
 Insure my Safety, and affirm my Ways. —
 No more shall idle Love my Minutes waste ;
 If loose, 'tis Folly ; and a Torment, chaste.
 No more shall vain Delights my Mind offend ;
 Then you who Vertue love, my Song attend ;

B

Attend

2 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

Attend and listen, while I freely tell
You, and the wiser World, the *Art of Angling well*.
Others their Pleasure by their Hopes commend ;
But I the Angler's value by its End.

Ye Nymphs and River-Gods, (if such there be)
Of you I sing ; exert your Force to me.
While I describe the Glories of your Court,
Natives, their Manners, and their vast Resort,
My humble Reed with such a Strain inspire,
As those the list'ning Streams in you admire ;
When the glad Waves from their swift Course recoil,
And in your Songs forget their hourly Toil.
So may they still attend you as you sing ;
So may the Meads, of Sport your wanton Scene,
Be blest'd by *Jove* with everlasting Spring.
And thou, my Friend, alike propitious prove,
Whom once to know and hear, is once to love.
My *Nicholas*, my early Youth's Delight ;
And well thy riper Years those Joys recite ;

Whom

Whom over flow'ry Meads I oft have led,
Living like Princes, howsoe'er we sped;
Smile on thy own Commands, howe'er obey'd,
And kindly execute the Muses Aid.

Beneath thy least Neglect the Work must fall,
So vast its Height, my Genius so small;
But from thy Smiles she will not fear to hope;
Atlas, they say, bore the World's Fabrick up.

At worst the Just will emulate my Fate;
Sternhold might shine exalted to the Height,
And C—— and D—— poll for *Laureat*.

Begin, my Muse, the Pleasures of the Wise,
Serene Content, and unrepented Ease.

Thy noble Song, who can neglect to hear?
None but the Fools, thou should'st not love nor fear.
They scorning thee, thy Reputation raise,
And with their Cypress, bring eternal Bays.

First then, the best Materials to prepare,
(The curious Angler's chief and wisest Care)

4 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

Sing we in Numbers rather just, than new,
And short; for the Ingenious want but few.
Hints are enough, where we the Subject love;
And the luke-warm won't more than Hints improve.

Tir'd with the Glories he so long has born,
When *Sol* resigns them all in *Capricorn*;
Or when the *Northern Pleiades* are set,
And rural Hinds seek out the welcome Heat;
A while th' approaching Winter-blasts sustain;
The future Bliss will quit the present Pain.
Then tender Shoots from the old Hazle take,
Strait, smooth, and even, free from Knot or Break.
Search all the Cople, nor spare the fairest Tree;
No matter though the tender Mothers cry.
No matter though the Nymphs, their Sisters, mourn;
From the fresh Wound fresh Offspring will return.
Besides, 'tis kind her Issue to impair;
Old as she is, her Stock should lightly bear.
We bless the Shepherds, and we call them wise,
Who treble-bearing Ewes discreetly ease.

As

The Art of Angling.

5

As wisely then you may your Use supply,
Furnish your self, and ease the lab'ring Tree.
Thus got, preserve them with your utmost Care ;
For Nicety it self's a Vertue here.
Prune them, if notch'd ; if crooked, make them strait :
The Knife does this, a gentle Flame does that.
The Sap expell'd, they dexterously bend,
And double Service and Assistance lend.
Then, lest they warp, and from the curling Snake,
Their *quondam* Tenant, some Resemblance take,
Let some strait Pole their fetter'd Bodies bear ;
Nor loose, but as Occasion shall require.
Nor when you fit them for your Sport and Use,
Slight you the Art, or any Pains refuse.
Here nice Proportion must be well observ'd ;
And exact Beauty through the whole preserv'd ;
For though rude Slaves with bungling Labour kill,
True Anglers ought to do't distinguishingly well.
But if these Pains, like dangerous Tasks in Love,
Stifle your Thoughts, and your fledg'd Hopes remove,

A

6 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

A little Charge will purchase you your Ease,
And *London* furnish you with just Supplies.
There lab'ring Artists nicely fit each Part ;
You buy your Pleasure, and they live by Art.
The Cane, the Hazle, all the Anglers Store,
They sell, and often, to the Curious, more.
But, if I might intrench upon your Ease,
I'd with a Caution join my poor Advice.
First, of their Lines, their treach'rous Lines beware ;
Nor grudge your self a little Labour here.
I teach you here, by sad Experience taught,
What with Expence and Care I dearly bought ;
Full oft relying on my Strength, not Skill,
Full oft the Fisher was the Fishes Spoil.
Nor only were my Hopes and Pleasures crost,
But, with my Prize, more precious Time was lost.
Then Warning take, and wisely thus avoid
The Rock on which my Ship has oft been try'd.
Chuse well your Hair, and know the vigorous Horse
Not only reigns in Beauty, but in Force.

Creatures

The Art of Angling.

7

Creatures decay'd, the *London* Shops supply ;
Get you such Locks as they can't reach to buy.
Nor chuse the Hair of Beasts (tho' newly) dead ;
There Nature's universally decay'd.

But when the rampant Brute with Vigor flies
To force the tim'rous Jade to taste his Joys,
Obtain your Wish at any Rate and Price.

Then for your single Links, the fairest chuse ;
Such single Hair will best supply your Use.

And of the rest, your sev'ral Lines prepare,
In all still less'ning ev'ry Link a Hair.

If for the Fly, taper and long your Line ;
The Fish is quick, and hates what is not fine.

If for the Depth, to stronger I advise ;
Tho' still the finest take the finest Prize.

But ere you twist your upper Links, take Care
Wisely to match in Length and Strength your Hair.

Believe me, Friend, this Caution useful is,
And just, as any Part of my Advice.

Have

8 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

Have you not seen the skilful Archer's Bow
Drawn high as Expectation well could draw,
The Arrow pointing to the wish'd-for Prize,
And he devouring 't with his Heart and Eyes ;
When the ill-twisted String his Vigor fails,
First frets, then snaps ? the baffled Master rails.
Such oft has been my Fate, which only Care
And future Circumspection could repair.
On equal Strength we wisely may rely ;
But else Experience by our Loss we buy :
For ev'n in Friendship's Bonds 'tis rarely found,
That when one fails, the other keeps his Ground.
Where but in thee, my *Nich'las*, shall we find
A Friend to Sorrow and Affliction kind ?
Shoals of the worthless Sort, the sick Man's Sighs avoid,
But thou stood'st firm, in ev'ry Fortune try'd.
Base Minds, that superficially behold,
Despise the Diamond, if not set in Gold ;
Intrinsic Worth they measure by their own,
And make a Jewel of a *Bristol-Stone*.

But

The Art of Angling.

9

But Minds the Bounty of the Pow'r Divine,
Like real Diamonds in the Dark, will shine;
Obscurity adds Lustre to their Rays,
And like the Sun they shine, and like the Sun they blaze.
Such Friendship is, when nurs'd on such a Soil;
Misfortune Vigor gives, as well as Toil.

Tell me, ye learn'd in Nature's Laws, impart
No lfs your sacred Secrets, Sons of Art,
How does a Breach a Cement prove in Love?
Or how the bending Bows their Force improve?
How does a Branch cut off, the Stock renew?

Or why surviving Turtles Death pursue?
In melancholy Plaints their Days are spent,
Contentless living, nor 'till dead content?

How does the shaken Elm its Hold recruit,
While almost fatal Shocks extend its Root?
How does the Viol, from a heedless Wound,
Improve its Strength, and meliorate its Sound?

Or when one String is stretch'd beyond its Tone,
Why do the sympathizing Cords consone?

C

Well

10 *The Innocent Epicure.:* Or,

Well these resolve, and thence a Rule assign,
Why Friendship, if sincere to Death, Divine.
On equal Soils the noblest Seed is sown,
But Weeds and Cockles Nature depraved own :
And 'twere as vain a kindly Crop to hope
On Sands, the briny Ocean washes up,
As on uncultivated Minds to see
A Friendship, *Nicholas*, to vie with thee.
Grandeur of Soul, the Sterling must approve ;
Else Vice makes Friendship, and Design makes Love.

But whither does the pleasing Theam mislead ?
Desist, my Muse, and to thy Task proceed :
Leave Friendship to the Instance of thy Friend ;
Sing thou what he commands, and must commend :
O *Tyros*, hear, and well my Songs attend.
And wisely to avoid the Archer's Fate,
Twist slow your Links, and see they justly plait.
Hair best with Hair, and Silk with Silk agrees ;
But mixt, have each their Inconveniences.

The Art of Angling.

11

Tho' would you freely to my Rules attend,
I'd only to your Use, the Hair commend.

More trivial Things are these, the Knot and * Bought,
Not worth a Verse, since eas'ly learn'd without :

For ev'ry Angler here, by Instinct knows,

The Use of this, and that it must be close.

Of like Consideration are the rest ;

Hook, Float, and Plummer, as you fancy best :

For one, perhaps, applauds his Kerby's Ware,

And others cheaper serv'd, exceed him ev'ry where.

For as in Beauty, Fancy reigns, we see

Fancy misleads us in Utility.

Some teach you next the blunted Hook to whet ;

Tho' I was never so unfurnish'd yet ;

Nor did my Leisure e'er so much oppress,

To lose an Hour in niggard Idleness.

Nor is there farther worthy to be taught,

Bags, Landing-Nets, and Panniers must be bought.

C 2.

When,

* Is a Word peculiar to the Angler, and signifies no more than the wrapping of two Links together, which evens the Line, and keeps it more taper than the Knot will allow it to be.

12 *The Innocent Epicure* : Or,

When, tho' unmask'd, th' Event will eas'ly show
Your willing Chap will over-furnish you.

Next of the Art it self I speak ; O Friend !

My weighty Lessons heedfully attend :

Attend me while I into Order bring

Each weighty Rule, and pond'rous Reasons sing.

Hail, great Triumvirate * of Angling ! hail,

Ye who best taught, and here did best excel !

Play here the Gods, play here the Hero's Part,

Your selves the Proto-Prophets of the Art ;

My humble Breast with pow'rful Flames inspire,

To teach the World what justly we admire :

Joys fraught with Innocence, of Danger free ;

Raptures which none enjoy so full as we.

But tell me first, for you or none can tell,

What God the mighty Science did reveal ?

For sure a God he was ; less than Divine

Could Blessings richer than the raciest Wine,

Enlarge our Hearts, or strengthen his Design ?

A God

* Walton, Cotton, Venables.

A God he was then, or at least to me;
 And, my Associates, such he ought to be.
 He taught us first the Grandeur of the Court;
 Contemn'd and scorn'd for this, to chuse a Sport
 Full of Content, and crown'd with healthful Ease,
 Where Nature frets not, while our selves we please.

Come back, my Muse, now to the Task design'd;
 Sing we of Fish, the Haunts of ev'ry Kind;
 Their Baits, their Seasons, and their usual Feed;
 And when the Angler best may hope to speed,
 Things worthy of the Angler's greatest Care;
 Things worthy thee to teach, and him to hear.

And first the *Salmon* does my Verse command,
 Lov'd at his Sport, and lov'd howe'er obtain'd.
 Well are the patient Angler's Pains repaid,
 When this fair Captain is his Captive made.
 Oft purling Brooks, but oftner greater Streams
 He haunts,
 Where *Neptune*, like the *Dutch* in *India*, gleans,

Just moils the chrystal Streams, to shew his Power,
Afraid to vex the River-Beauties more.

At Mid-day, when the Sun exerts his Rays,
See on the Surface how the Wanton plays.

Then wisely tempt him, and from Force or Choice,
You'll see him nimbly to your Pastime rise.

Strong be your Lines, your Hooks, your Rods, and all,
For Weakness all your Conduct will forestal.

One wary Jerk, and streight he plunging cries,
Angler, be cautious, or you lose your Prize.

Tho' mealy-mouth'd, he's sometimes that Way lost,
Which cautious Care prevents not, no, nor Cost:

Tho' Art may much your Strength and Lines relieve,
And nice Observance great Assistance give.

Large be your Fly too, and, might I advise,
Expanded Wings should more provoke his Rise.

To which, if various Colours well you join,
And Time (which renders ev'ry Thing Divine)

Agree, it cannot fail to answer your Design.

Yet curling Billows should assist the Cheat,
Quick-sighted, else he'll quickly shun the Bait.
And clear the Water must, or else he feeds
Low on the Gravel, or the wasting Weeds.

Get Lob-worms scour'd, then your sure Friends you'll
find;

Then too your Tackling strengthen to your Mind.

These cannot fail you, if the dying Year

Say not, Desist, his Spawning-Time is near.

A Troll some use, and some the Rod prefer :

No Matter which, since both like useful are.

Less Nice at bottom he devouring roves,

And boldly rushes as he boldly loves.

The Mennows too his Rage not rarely feel,

Try those, and if you can, procure the Reel,

Which freely of it self emits the Line,

(Needfully long, and yet securely fine)

The greedy Fish may have his full of Play,

While unconcern'd on the less Fry you prey ;

16 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

Or wisely casting round your ravish'd Eyes,
Salute the Author of these mighty Joys
With these just Thoughts, 'till Fancy give Supplies.

Cœlestial Bounty ! how shall I repay
These Blessings which thy Mercy throws away ?
Each Morn, each Hour, thy lavish'd Hand I find :
Make me less sinful, or be thou less kind.
Neglected Mercy must to Vengeance turn ;
Be thou my Love, tho' by the Atheists Scorn.
Come here, ye Fools, tho' in Opinion wise ;
Come here, and see with natural Reason's Eyes :
Reason, your Boast, tho' an imperfect Guide,
The weighty Controversy shall decide.
In beauteous Order see the Waters move,
And shew like Motion in the Spheres above.
Tell me, could human Force such Skill attain ?
And where that fails, sure Chance attempts in vain.
Chance mimicks Art, and Nature helps the Cheat ;
But 'tis a different Glory to create.

Besides,

Besides,

Tho' gay the Sun, his Course each Morn renews ;
Chance cannot hold the Reigns, could she the Work
produce.

No, here consistent Beauty rules the whole,
Mov'd by an ardent and continual Soul.

When that is kind, the Sun's diffusive Ray
Ripens the Fields, and drives the Mists away.

When fullen, *Nature's* strongest Beauties pine,
And Parent *Chance* can no Relief assign;

That flow'ry Mead is not by Chance so fair,
But knows its Seasons, and observes the Year.

The Flocks alike their annual Off'rings pay ;
But all would fade, were purblind *Chance* to sway.

O mighty Author of all earthly Things,
And Heav'n no less thy wise Creation sings,

Thy sacred Will, O let not me oppone,
Or seek to idolize my foolish own ;

Still in my Soul more genial Gleams infuse,
That I, by others Scorn, may wisely chuse ;

18 *The Innocent Epicure* : Or,

May wisely chuse thy Precepts to obey,

And all Things else fling with Contempt away.

Come back, my Muse, now change the weighty Strain,
And take the humble Angler's up again.

Sing next the *Trout* ; for next in Sport and Kind

He comes. O thou, who here apply'st thy Mind,

Tread softly, and be sure keep out of Sight,

Or the shy Fish will baulk thy Appetite.

Nice as thy Hopes too, be thy Rod and Line,

Nice be thy Flies, and cast exactly fine :

For which, nor Rod, nor Line, of Length should want,

Full six Yards each, if so the Streams will grant.

Taper and light, as long from, Hand to Hook,

If for the Fly, and in a chrystal Brook ;

Or if on muddled Streams you're forc'd to rest,

Yet still the finer, you succeed the best.

Fineness in Angling's th' Angler's nearest Rule ;

Tho' Prudence still must regulate the whole ;

For wise Men will not trust a single Hair

With Weight, which dead, it could not easily bear.

If

If then with nat'ral Flies to fish you chuse,
Observe the Season, and provide for Use.
Observe the Fish, as round for Prey they rove,
And gain your Baits where best they seem to love.
For search all Nature, and this Truth you'll find,
Variety, the Mistress of Mankind,
Is not to Species, or to Sex confin'd.

But if the artificial you'd prepare,
First well to make them use your utmost Care.
Some Brother Angler freely will impart
The useful Niceties throughout the Art.
And Verse nor Prose can ever teach you well,
What masters well, but Practice best will tell.
But yet at large the Muse may thus exhort ;
Nature best mimick'd, best secures your Sport.
Of Flies, the Kinds, their Seasons, and their Breed,
Their Shapes, their *Heu*, will Observation need ;
Which best the *Trom* admires, where easiest gain'd,
Experience best will teach too, or your Friend :

For sev'ral Kinds must ev'ry Month supply ;
(So great's his Passion for Variety)

Nay, if new Species o'er the Waves you find,
Try, you'll acknowledge Fortune amply kind.

The Fly, the hardest Task, thus learn'd, prepare
To cast your Line distinguishingly fair.

Cast oft, 'till by Experience perfect made,
Your Pains are in the Sequel well repaid.

Perhaps at first, you, to your Loss, will find
The eager Jerk, the playing Fly behind.

Will curtail off, and your fledg'd Hopes deprive ;
To cure which common Evil, next contrive

With your extended Arm to give him Play,
And gently poise your Rod to make his Way.

This practis'd wisely, you will soon perceive
Your rising Prey, like you, Attention give ;

Wait its Approach, yet flying in the Air,
And often, very often, leap to meet it there.

For on the Surface if your Line first light,
The Fish spring out, nor soon recover th' Affright.

But

But if the Fly, streight for a quick Surprize,
The greedy Wantons scarce prepare to rise.
If short he cuts, next Throw be sure beware ;
He saw too much, the Angler stood too near.
But keep your Shadow off the purling Stream,
And cast, and long you cannot cast Esteem ;
For if no obvious Failure interpose,
You speed, or will not speed in forty Throws.
But if he thus exacts too weighty Pain,
And with less Art you would your Hopes obtain ;
Since all Men Artifts are not, let it be
Your Choice the less precarious Means to try.
The Worm at no Time can your Pleasures fail,
Unless the boundless Floods or Winds prevail ;
Unless the Frosts have ty'd the Streams in Chains,
When dangerous Fevers would revile our Pains.
Here, tho' the Streams, by whatsoever Cause,
Of Mills, of Rains, or artful Overflows,
Prove milky white, no Baulk you need to fear ;
For all is homlily destructive here.

Thick

22 *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

Thick Lines, thick Rods, Hooks answerably strong,
And Worms of any Sort, as ill put on:

The troubled Streams the treach'rous Lines disguise,
And he's betray'd by trusting to his Eyes.

Thus while the Rogue without Precaution preys,
He's murder'd by the most unskilful Ways.

* Some, to ape Art, a hollow Bullet take,
And of small Things, a mighty Pother make.

Hook above Hook they place, exactly nice,

To prove perpetual Motion no Device;

For if a Moment still the Weight should lie,

Their Sport's not only spoil'd, but their Philosophy.

Thus needy Lads at *Thames's* fairest Bridge,

With Hosts of Lines the homely Fry besiege.

But with coarse humble Labour, why should we

Adjust our Sport by their Necessity?

With

* Here the Author ridicules the *Vulgar*.

With equal Justice we their careful Zeal
Might ape, who on the rough *Dee* attempt the * *Corricle*.
Struggling with Force too high for human Blood,
The Curse of Want, and an impetuous Flood,
Seeking with Life's Distress, their Livelihood.
Such Things we rather justly call Distress;
For how agrees it with the Name of Ease,
When a poor Country Hind a faithful Turn
Partakes, and bears the Boat by which he's born?
Pleasure like this may suit their rustick Souls;
But neither suits the Poet's Verse or Rules.
Somewhat uncommon heightens his Desire,
Which those that love not, may with Force admire.
Thus I to chrystal Brooks resort, and chuse
Arms all genteel and neat, and fit for Use.
A taper Rod, and long, tho' neatly light,
Bending by no Means with its proper Weight:

Lines

* *A Sort of Boat us'd in the River Dee, and carry'd by the Fisher-man to the Water to fish in.*

Lines longer too, yet taper; and if e'er,
'Tis now that I prefer the single Hair.
Small too your Hooks should be, and cover'd well
Above the Arming by the Brandling's Tail;
His Head dejected, best the Fish invites;
And mutalizes best your choice Delights;
For he that prudently this Way will try,
And angles fine, as when we use the Fly,
Traversing up again the chrystal Streams,
Won't think he wastes that Time he precious deems.
This Way the Caddice too deserves your Care,
And some with Reason too the Float prepare.
This they proportion to the Brook, and here,
If swift, the grosser chuse, the small, if slow and clear.
Tho' all Things else should neat and taper be,
And fine, if not finer than with which you try
Your Fortune with the artificial Fly.
Thus he that justly plays the Angler's Part,
In my Opinion, still should thrive by Art.

And

And trust his Skill, tho' oft he be deceiv'd;
The Conquest will at last be well achiev'd.

But if more fatal Methods you would try,
Angler, attend Experience, and I
Will Art and Nature interwove, disclose,
And teach thee Lessons never taught in Prose:
For at my Birth, the waiting Nine ordain'd
These Truths should Lawrels to my Brows command;
While with auspicious Smiles their great Decree
I blest'd, desirous all Mankind might be
Better'd, but never damnify'd by me.

For this, the Clues of rolling Time I wait
Submissive, 'till the Hour approach to Fate.
Then, Angler, hear, and ev'ry Word attend;
And thou, my Choice, an Angler, and a Friend;
Attend again the weighty Rules I give,
Successful, yet innoxious to deceive.
Seek then some Stream, a Branch of one more grand,
Which thy nice Rod can easily command;

26 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

No Matter tho' the Weeds advance their Brows,
Or tho' disturb'd with constant Overflows ;
These not Obstructions are, but more advance
That Pastime, which the Danger should enhance ;
And for the Danger, if thou'rt well prepar'd,
The Spoil more welcome is, for being hard.
Great Acts are rarely without Toil achiev'd ;
Alcides long his Labours has surviv'd ;
And had not *Nassau* plung'd the rapid *Boyne*,
Still, *Euricon*, the Glory had been thine.
Suit to the Danger then, and follow here
Those greater Heroes in more glorious War ;
Suit to the Danger all thy martial Force,
Let ev'ry Thing be strong, but nothing coarse ;
For not thy Prize alone thou must engage,
But war with Weeds, and weedlike Trash must wage.
Take my Advice then, use the *Indian* Grass ;
'Tis fine, and for a single Hair may pass :
'Tis strong, if chose from Knots or Blisters free,
And Strength and Fineness, wants no Property.

Here

Here join your Hook, of no egregious Size ;
His Mouth is wide, but 'tis beset with Eyes.
Suit to the Bait, let that the Standard be,
And when the Caddice on the Bend you see,
Close to his Tail another fix, but so
As that conceals the Hook, this may suspend below.
Thus arm'd, sail freely down the rapid Brook,
And on your floatless Line with best Attention look :
Sometimes you'll feel him struggle, ere you see ;
No Matter, tight your Rod, and keep him free ;
Free of those Weeds near which the Robber lies ;
He conquers there, and breaks, or else he dies.
Howe'er, supply your Loss, the Charge renew ;
A rally'd Troop has sometimes beaten two :
Yet, lose or gain, this Comfort will attend,
The Beater's only beaten by his Friend.
Less artful Ways, no Doubt, will much prevail ;
The Mennow, Lob-worm, Stone-loach, never fail.
But these are common Ways, which all Men teach,
And therefore far beneath the Muses Reach.

28 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

She sings in Verse, which, tho' like *Marum* low,
Sends Strength and Pleasure to the studious Brow.
Those who peruse her with attentive Heat,
Will find her wond'rous chaste, and wond'rous sweet.
Come ye who Grandeur court, and call it Ease,
Like sickly Souls, whom often Poysons please ;
Come on, for boldly I'll your utmost dare ;
Match me a Landkip just as this, and fair.
From Noise and Hurries free, we sport our Fill ;
Nor gain our Ends by Methods basely ill.
No flatt'ring Fop, no fawning Courtier here
Disturbs our Peace, or foisters civil War.
Nature's our Mistress, who can bear a Look,
Nor fears a Lover's Censure or Rebuke.
Look on those Hills, tho' high, the rural Swain
Visits with Joy, nor fears his aching Brain.
Or let's descend. Heav'ns ! how severely nice
Proud *Celia*, in her tatter'd Mantua, is ?
Painted and patch'd, hiring with what she's hir'd,
She damns her Soul, to have her Face admir'd.
While

While Beauty here in native Splendor reigns,
Requires our Wonder, and explodes our Pains,
Each healthful Green, each flow'ry fragrant Mead
Command our Praise, since they our Art exceed.
Here are fair Streams too, full of fresh Delight,
And Willows more than lovely to the Sight.
Since thence the Angler, by a wise Deceit,
Hawls the strong Captive from his lov'd Retreat;
Nor do those Falls the Ear, those Meads the Eye
Offend; nor do those Fish that leap so high;
They seem resolv'd to populate the Air,
And hold Conjunction with their Brother Star.
Ah! happy they, who free from Vice and Care,
With wise Content improve their Moments here;
Free from the Vices of the noisy Town,
Who study thus, and here to lose their own.

Near * *Liffy's* Streams supinely once I lay, * *A River*
in Ireland.

Whiling away the Sultry of the Day;
(The Sultry of the Angler's Life, the Part
Which claims least Praise, and villifies his Art)

The

The Muse appear'd, and with just Anger cry'd,
Wretch! can'st thou hear thy Science villify'd?
Those Things in human Form thy Rage exact :
Am not I near? Sure Cowards fight, if back'd.
Enrag'd, my Album to my Aid I took;
And as I wrote, 'twas thus the fair One spoke :
Ye talk of Pleasures, Pleasures then your Aim,
Let Reason first commend, then weigh the same.
Shew me their Standard ; let the Say declare,
If those of Angling are not twice as fair.
You, Sir, who doat upon your Hounds and Horse,
The Burden of your House, and your Discourse,
First disembogue, and ease your lab'ring Mind ;
Say how you often hunt for Joys you seldom find.
You'll say the Game unfound, and lost the Day ;
Yet still the Search has Blifs that will repay.
What's more refreshing than the Morning Air ?
Or what like Fields or painted Meadows fair ?
Health, Heav'n's first Blessing, is their kindly Fruit ;
But that the Horse contributes, Fools dispute.

Like

Like Pools, the Blood would stagnate and decay,
Were Air and healthful Motion tak'n away.
I grant the *Thesis*, use it as you please;
But does not Angling yield us more than these?
Without the Danger, we the Bliss enjoy;
Nor does one Fear one Part of it destroy.
No hot-brain'd Leaps, no more tremendous Falls,
(Which wise Antiquity gave Criminals;)
No Surfeits, by too violent Motion got,
(As Mill-stones, often turning round, grow hot;
But if th' impetuous Motion still aspire,
With stupid Heat they set all round on Fire)
Are the more happy Angler's wretched Lot.
Here healthful Airings profit, as they please;
And Pleasure scorns the Pennance of Disease.
Use and Delight the fair Proportions draw;
Nor trespass we on human Sense or Law.
Pleasure our End, we Pleasure cheaply buy,
And profitable Health compleats the Drapery.

No injur'd Heirs lament the Sire's Excess,
 Too late repented 'twas not sooner less.
 No injur'd Wife, by sad Neglect, deplores
 That she and Honour are retail'd to Whores :
 The Angler's Life the Angler's Fame secures.

Here the hot Racer, fraught with many a Plate,
 Presumes to bid me alter my Debate.
 Well, Sir, and what can your fine Logick say,
 That Angling should not, you should have the Day?
 You, the *Jack-Pudding* of an Emp'rick's Play?
 So have I seen your *Guinea* Monkeys drest
 In ticking Trowfers, and in Body-Vest;
 To which, if once the Velvet Cap be on,
 Set him a Cock-horse, and the Feat is done :
 No Tumbler's Habit is so much your own.
 Or grant, that Quality can nought commit,
 Tho' near to Buffoonry, that can be it,
 (As when the Act threw Poachers out of Doors,
 The Gentry dropt the Name, but took the Oars)

Yet still your Danger, barr'd of bastard Pride;
Throws all the Pleasure on the Angler's Side.

Your phantom Bliss the very Notion flies,
Already pass'd before it reach the Eyes.

A Stretch of Fancy, and a Stretch of Beast,
Depaints your most, tho' somewhat of the least :

Gone in a Moment, lost when hardly found,
Leaves somewhat for an Ideot to expound.

You'll say there's many a Penny lost and won :

Right, Sir. But hark, the Bowler calls me on.

He thus to Pleasure makes an equal Plea :

Have Patience, and in Pairs your Answer see.

There *Bobadill*, accouter'd for the Weather,

So plump, his Bowl and he might rowl together ;

Tho' trimm'd in Lawn, like spitch-cock'd *Barbel* fries,

And stinks and drips like any *Yorkshire* Cheese.

'Tis for his Health, he cries ; but sure he means,

His Health's the Bastard Issue of his Gains.

Tho' well the Wretch deserves the petty Hire ;

For Galley-Slaves beneath the Load would tire.

34 *The Innocent Epicure* : Or,

But he, by nightly Doses, drives away
 The grievous Relicks of the sultry Day;
 And Noon-tide Frescoes weary Nature heals,
 Beyond the Juleps of a Score of Meals.
 Thus while themselves with fancy'd Joys they cheat,
 You find their main Import, is Drink and Meat.
 Vice, not Content, 's the Burden of their Thought,
 And all their Rapture ends in pissing out.
 No Gluttony the Angler asks or knows;
 'Tis Use the sacred Rules for eating draws :
 Clear Streams his Drink, his Food a Crust of Bread;
 So the half Gods in the first Ages fed.
 Nor like Refiners, to advance his Store,
 Seeks he by Copper to corrupt the Oar :
 His Fortune's equal, be he rich or poor.
 Unruff'd, be his Stars severe or kind,
 Unruff'd is the noble Rock, his Mind.
 If a false Wind or Wave his Pastime cross,
 His Prudence gains, tho't be his Pleasure's Loss.

Rubs never incommode his steady Bowl;
 But byass'd right, he sweeps you Jack and all.
 'Tis true, if show'ring Storms oppress the Sky,
 'Till the black Cloud retreats, retir'd is he.
 Safe to some humble Hut he takes his Way,
 And cheers his Heart against the low'ring Day;
 Yet there wise Temperance defends the Bowl,
 For fear the Day should change, and Sport should call.
 Nay, tho' the Day's Fatigues invite with Thirst,
 Next Morning has Consideration first.
 Not so the mellow Sot his Potion drinks;
 Of Wayst' avoid the Curse of Thought, he thinks;
 And thence his Reason with his Pocket clinks.
 Like Porpoise Fidlers, he egurges down;
 Or reeking Gamesters, who their Losses drown;
 Nor value the Prerogatives of Crown.
 Sworn to maintain 'em, he'll maintain, by Use,
 There's no such Thing as Charter or Abuse.
Nature, crys he, 's the Monarch we obey;
 And following *Nature*, can we go astray?

36 *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

Who damns the Lyon for his Thirst of Blood?

Who blames the Hog for wallowing in the Mud?

These *Nature* lead; and I by *Nature* led,

Yet bound to Laws, a greater Slave am made,

Than the dull Brute, whose Passion is his Trade.

Egregious Sophist! tell me, can there be

A greater Brute the Forrests through, than thee?

There take thy Seat, where Sense and Reason fly,

And build thy Castles Empyrceum high:

Thy Actions and thy Logick so accord,

They merit not a sober Angler's Word.

You'll cry, perhaps, what Pleasures do you chuse,

Which Debauchees, as well as you, may use:

But dare sound Reason argue from Abuse?

Besides, as Swallows skim along the Stream,

They catch at Bliss, but only have the Dream.

Parent *Ixion* thus, a Beau, and proud,

A Goddess thought he had, but found a Cloud.

Vice massacres, ev'n by their own Consent,

The first grand Principle of all, Content,

Are

Are Leachers Beauty cloid, tho' pale and old?
Or had the Miser e'er enough of Gold?
And when Content the busy Searcher flies,
Tell me, O Men of Morals, what are Joys?
When Joy is sought, all seek it with a Gust;
But their sole Motive is a Sate of Lust.
These to the Streams retreat, as Villains fly
To Defarts, to avoid the Hue and Cry.
Left in their Turn meer Bankrupts to Desire,
They fly, that long pursu'd the frothy Fire:
Not wisely to allay a vip'rous Heat,
But to return inflam'd by their Retreat.
Inflam'd, they seek their former Gulph, the Whore;
And can that Town resist, that's sack'd before?
Or he taste Joy, whose Palate's alo'd o'er?
Their Talk, their Actions, and their Wishes, shew
Their Search is not sincere, nor Pleasure true.
But the wise Angler quits all other Joys,
Because not solid, or so just as his.

He

38 *The Innocent Epicure* : Or,

He *Nature* follows, but as Reason leads ;
 Nor hangs, of choice, his Line on Rocks or Weeds,
 'Tis plain to him, that nought arrives by Chance,
 Since changing Seasons give his Sport Advance ;
 Since hungry Fish await impending Rain,
 With Skill and Art provok'd, to rise in vain ;
 Since, as by *Nature's* Instinct, Seasons they,
 Seasons themselves some unseen Pow'r obey ;
 Which regularly moves, nor by one Stand,
 Questions the steady Reins that fill the Ruler's Hand.
 Thus led by *Nature's* Will, he finds her Lord's,
 His Reason finds, and he with that accords ;
 Nor moils his Bliss with beastly Thoughts or Words.
 Such Porter-Riot as defiles the Streets,
 Almost as bad as *Bassoon Machus* spits,
 Worse than pollutes the worst of *Red-house* Wits.
 Whose Pleasure, like their Wit, lies all on Lees,
 That is not true Enjoyment, but Disease,
 Which must shock Sense, and Modesty displease.

But

But the wise Angler wiser Laws attends ;
Soft Innocence his Pleasure recommends ;
For that delights the Wise, which Fools offends.

The Miser and the Tinker of the Law
Cry out, What Waste of Time? And thence Conclusions draw.

False Argument, the Market for their Bread,
Returns the Cannon on the Owner's Head :
Thence with forensial Rhetorick and Rules,
Themselves become the Heads of heeding Fools.

But say, my Rabbies, will not Dearth of Cares
Compense for setting others by the Ears ?

Or will not true Content advance our Cause
Beyond the Breach and Danger of good Laws ?

You'll say there's Gain; so says the Rapparee,
By much the lesser Villain of the three.

He robbes for Need, nor basely does oppress,
To make his more, or to make others less.

Want makes the Wretch; Want on the Wretched draws,
First to enrage, and then appease the Laws.

But

But happy Anglers no such Risques incur,
Nor break Commands, tho' seemingly secure.
Their Neighbour's Wrong, so little is their Wish,
Rather than hazard that, they'll leave the Fish:
Nor on base Trespasses or Ruins bent,
Procure they Torment, where they meant Content.

Ah! happy Life, if Innocence could please;
Ah! happy he, that through true Opticks sees.
For what can more advance, or what amend
That Bliss, which makes both Heav'n and Earth a Friend;
Harms not defenceless Man, nor angers Heav'n,
By an ill Use of what it first had given.

Go on, my Muse; next let thy Numbers speak
That mighty *Nimrod* of the Streams, the *Pike*.
For justly next may he thy Verse command,
Who sways the Streams, and hardly yields on Land.
O! Angler, here much Caution use, and Care;
If once thy Bait he gorge, alas! beware:
Or Rod, or Lines, or Hooks, a Whit too small;
The Tyrant's strong, and rudely forces all.

Hast thou not seen a Vessel richly fraught,
 Returning Home, big with the Wealth she's got,
 Just on the Coast snapp'd by some Privateer,
 Himself the Prize of some big Man of War?
 Such oft, alas ! has been my own Defeat,
 My boasted Prize has only been the Bait,
 That lost my Prize, and Hook and Line with that.
 For as the *French* whole Countries first deface,
 And then inhuman Contributions raise;
 So, Tyrant-like, he made my Loss his Play,
 Ravish'd my Prize, and all with that, away.
 Which to revenge, (for no Man can provide
 'Gainst Chance, by human Reason unesp'y'd)
 A stiff, neat, nine Foot Pole you must prepare,
 Which may in sev'ral Things repay your Care.
 Whether your struggling Prize your Caution ask,
 And Landing-Nets fix'd to't, facilitate your Task;
 Or by fix'd Rings you farther this Design,
 By casting finely out your Bait and Line,

42 *The Innocent Epicure* : Or,

It useful is ; and here so needful too,
Want it you mayn't, you're ruin'd if you do.
With this, have always Hooks securely strong,
Well wir'd, and join'd to Lines thrice ten Yards long.
A Dace, a Gudgeon, or a Stone-Loach take ;
Or wanting these, some happy Tryal make
Of something else of the less usual Kind,
As Frogs, or Eels, or Garbidge ; for you'll find
His greedy Appetite will leave your Doubts behind.
Baited with these, you need not fear your Prize :
True Glutton like, his Stomach rules his Eyes,
Oft I at Swallows sweeping o'er the Main,
Have seen him snap, and baulk'd, advance again,
Which shews, that if your Lines be wisely strong,
Without Success, you cannot tempt him long.
Perhaps the Day is hot, no Breeze of Wind
Is to your Hope and vain Endeavours kind :
Rise early then, or try your Fortune late,
Or else 'till more auspicious Minutes wait.

When

When keener Winds from any Quarter blow,
The Tyrant hardly waits a second Throw.
But when you feel him pull, ah! then be wise;
For want of Patience never lose your Prize.
A little gorging Time, and you're secure;
He rarely leaves his Prize, or quits his Pow'r.
But if the Streams you use, are thinly stor'd,
And therefore small's the Pastime they afford,
Methods more fatal you may wisely try;
Methods such Force should only justify.
However, as they bear the Term of Art,
To teach them, is the Muses Power and Part.
First then prepare a taper handsome Pole,
Long, if not somewhat longer than the Trowle;
Not thick, but such as you may eas'ly use,
Such as for Hunting, those who chuse it, chuse.
To this, a thin, but strong, well-twisted Line,
And Hooks, both large and fit for you Design,
Fix: And when baited, if you chance to fail,
Some strange mysterious Fortune must prevail.

44 *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

By often bobbing down your well-fix'd Bait,
 In any Place likely for his Retreat,
 You tempt him rashly to renounce his Eyes,
 And if your Tackling hold, he's sure your Prize.
 Nay, tho' the Noise the Tyrant only hears,
 He's summon'd, and undoubtedly appears.
 But if along the River-Banks you try
 Without Success, ah! do not spare to cry,
These happy Streams are free from Tyranny.
 This Way too, almost all Things he'll devour,
 Raw Flesh or Guts, are Fish without your Pow'r.
 Nay, some, whose Mistress was Necessity,
 By bloody Rags have wrought his Destiny.
 But still, if clear the Day, keep far from Sight;
 Quick-ey'd he is, and quickly shuns the White,
 In spite of Anger, Ease, or Appetite.
 Sometimes the Wretches, who for Lucre slave,
 With Snares and Night-hooks, seem the Stream to pave.
 But the wise Angler should such Tricks defy;
 His End is Pleasure, theirs Necessity,

However,

However, if he see afar a Prize
 Beaking at large, if then his Luck he tries,
 And halter some less Fry to tempt him to ;
 Here is true Skill which Pleasure will allow.
 But poaching Rascals, that the Game destroy,
 And neither spare the Largest nor the Fry,
 Should otherwise employ the Muses Strain ;
 But that the Whipping-posts were made their Gain !
 Were I, who only thus could wish to be
 Above my best, my own, my lov'd Degree ;
 (And thus to wish, sure Reason will allow,
 Since *Roman*-like I could resume my Plow,
 And mildly lay those gaudy Grandeurs down,
 Justice and slighted Truth restor'd to *Rome*.)
 Were I, that long not for't, to State preferr'd,
 Some County and its Peace my trusted Ward,
 This Care, however low, however mean,
 Should not escape my Eye, as now my Pen.
 Why should the niggard Magistrate pretend
 To Charity, when, should we search the End,
 You'll

46 *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

You'll find, false Hypocrite ! the Lame and Poor
Begging and starving at the Miser's Door ?
But while his Store escapes, he thinks it best
Acts be infring'd, and Laws be long transgress'd.
Besides, no Sportsman he, why should his Care
For what his foolish Friends admire, declare ?
Not he, let poor Folks live upon the Spoil ;
He saves his Coin, and gains their Love the while,
But, Mad-man, should we reason well and true,
How little worthy of your Place are you ?
Are Laws, that pass the Sanction of the Crown,
Are they such Play-Things for a Country-Clown ?
Sure Things so trifling, of so little Weight,
Can ne'er deserve a Nation's grave Debate,
The Law then well thy Duty makes ; tho' thou,
Vain Man, pretend'st thy Duty makes the Law !
O mighty *Manlius* ! how much amiss
Was thine, to what our modern Justice is ?
Thou to the Laws paid'st such severe Respect,
Thy own Son's Life aton'd for their Neglect ;

While

While we, by Oaths and Int'rest doubly bound,
Secure the Guilty, and the Guiltless wound.
But stop, my Muse, for thy satyrick Rage
Must never hope to cure this vicious Age.
Let other Men acquit their Duties there,
Do thou persue thy Task, and ev'ry where
Strow Sweets, that may the wand'ring Fops invite,
And freshen ev'ry Lover's Appetite.
For Vertue will have Charms, tho' Fools despise,
To lure the Wav'ring, and to hold the Wise.

Next, sing the *Pearch*; for justly this he claims,
Lavishly kind to ev'ry Angler's Aims.
Others the *Carp* and *Tench* before him place;
But why, if Sport's the Issue of the Race?
They muddy Moats and standing Waters love,
And rarely in the chrystal Currents rove:
Or when they do, so nice they are, so coy,
The Angler's Skill and Patience they defy.
While this disdain their coarse and homely Feed,
And bowing Flags prefers to stinking Weed.

Fish

Fish where he is, (and you will rarely find
A Stream that has him not) he's always kind.
In gentle Rains, or after violent Show'rs,
He roves, it's true, and egerly devours ;
And yet as true it is the violent Heat,
But very rarely spoils his Appetite.
Beneath impending Willows oft he lies,
Watchful to take, or chewing on his Prize :
Then tempt him warily, he'll spring to bite,
So greedy he, so vast his Appetite.
Nor waits he Seasons, nor is ever coy ;
No, tho' forewarn'd, he hardly will deny.
Deep Pits he loves too, tho' you'll rareli'ft fail
Where deepest Eddies rapidly prevail.
Yet soon in *April*, after spawning Hours,
He haunts and freely bites upon the Scours.
But large your Float should be, your Tackling strong,
Nor must you think his slow Digestion long ;
For, if he bite, his Prize he will not leave ;
'Tis not his Use or Nature to deceive.

Nor

Nor is his Palate delicate or nice ;
He Kickshaws eats, but nothing comes amiss :
Though yet some Diff'rence you may wisely make,
And best to tempt him, Worms or Mennows take.
These he will never flight ; and if wild Fame
Say true, the Lob-worms best insure your Game.
Though, if my weak Opinion might prevail,
In marshy Meadows, Angler, never fail
To search the Cow-dung for the bluish Tail.
These, tho' new taken from their homely Soil,
Experience taught me, have all else their Foil :
Tho' when Misfortune all my Hopes has cross'd,
And all my Baits were either spent or lost,
Fruitful Necessity this Change has wrought,
And to my Aid this useful Knowledge brought ;
Some little Part of my least valu'd Prize,
Has furnish'd out most fortunate Supplies.
The *Roach* or *Dace* in little Pieces cut,
And on the Hook with careful Safety put,

H

Have

Have with unthought Advantage slaughter'd more,
Than all the lost Preparatives before.

Nor was this Tryal trivially blest ;

For *Pike* and *Chub* have strenuously prest

To force the liquorish Bit before the rest.

Thus other Baits ingenious Souls may try,

And owe great Things to Curiosity ;

Things which may set aloft his angling Name

With those who court so much the Breath of Fame :

For tell me, Muse, by whom the Vertuous live ;

How lasting are the Bays that Poets give ?

How long shall *Gutenberg's* well noted Name

Survive and load the flagging Wings of Fame?

Brave *Gutenberg*, who first the Secret found

To compass Ages in a Paper wound.

Or what compare we, if our Reason's nigh,

To *Monte Regio's* Eagle, or his Fly ?

Or to conclude an endless Theme, and raise

Just Trophies to divine Invention's Praise,

Tell me how *Jubal* first the Myſt'ry found
To ſtrengthen Numbers, and to order Sound.
The lab'ring Anvils firſt their Force declare,
And wound; for want of Pow'r to charm the Ear.
Then on his Harp their Forces he eſſay'd,
And from the feather'd Quire Diſcov'ries made.
Thence ſtarted Number, and thence Harmony;
Deſcant from thence, and after Symetry.
O ſacred Science! early from above
Taught, where their Souls are ever tun'd to Love.
Thee, Angels praſtiſe; thee, poor we below,
By thy Infinity alone can know.
And juſt it is thou ſhould'ſt his Signet bear,
Who reigns above, and juſtly fix'd thee there.
Whence thy vaſt Charms we by faint Glimm'ring know;
So high is Heaven, and humble Earth ſo low.
And thou who doubt'ſt the great Authority
To her aſcrib'd, the ſacred Volumes ſee.
There thoult perceive the Son of mighty Love,
In Muſick's Sounds deſcending from above;

52 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

And Pain and Sickneſs exquisitely fly
The all-diſſolving Force of Harmony.
But ſoft, you'll cry, perhaps, let's juſtly weigh
Your Arguments, and the whole Truth ſurvey.
Reason, you'll find, on a fair Scrutiny,
Condemns no Part, but the whole Hiſtory ;
And thoſe old *Chineſe* Tales which firſt begin,
But force the Credit of thoſe worſe within.
Come then, ye modern Wits, and if ye can evince,
For Things of common Reason, common Senſe ;
Say why ye claſſick Truths ſo ſoon allow,
And talk of *Cæſar*, *Pompey*, Heav'n knows who ?
How know ye *Nero* rul'd ? Or how that *Rome*
Once held the ſov'reign Reins, all *Europe* in a Town ?
This on Tradition you can ſafely take ;
But fail'd by Reason, ye Diſtinctions make ;
Where greater Reaſons, Truths that cannot die,
Require our Faith, command Authority.
Might I, whom cloſe Endearments nearly tie,
Might I adviſe my *Delius*, he ſhould fly ;

Fly

Fly far the treach'rous Poysons, fair Deceits,
With which each florid Fool his Nonsense baits :
For though but barely probable they were,
How can our Reason with blind Fortune share ?
Or how can it consist with Sense or Wit,
For human Things such mighty Hopes to flight ?
Not true, he nothing loses, if they be
Of boundless Bliss, a vast Eternity.

The *Barbel's* next in Sport, tho' not in Kind ;
For few there are in Goodness come behind.
But Sport, the Angler's Aim, has plac'd him here ;
And when he finds him, Sport he need not fear.
Close at a Current's End he's sure to lie,
Low in the Streams, as the swift *Trout* runs high.
True River-Hog, upon the Sand he roots ;
And like him then all Things Occasion suits.
Lob-worms well scour'd, rarely or never fail ;
But then ev'n Bees or Garbidge will prevail ;
And if you early to your Pastime hie,
He's hungry, and devours with eager Joy.

Some

54 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

Some too all Night with nice Attendance watch,
 And catch, what pays for all, whate'er they catch ;
 Aches and Fevers, sure, to Men of Sense,
 Are to such Pleasures plenary Recompence.
 Chuse thou the Day, or is the Night thy Choice,
 Stay not when Fogs and dang'rous Vapours rise ;
 Stay not, altho' they should not great appear,
 'Till Twilight stop thy Eye, or Owls offend thy Ear.
 But when the Winds a little curl the Waves,
 Much Caution and much Patience too he saves :
 For common Caution still must walk along ;
 You know him large, and you will find him strong.
 Therefore large Lines and Hooks you must prepare ;
 He's bold, and does not any Danger fear.
 Nay, Packthread-like, no Obstacle is found,
 If your fair Bait trail gently o'er the Ground.
 And high'r he rises not, unless Delight
 Force him to wanton, when he will not bite.
 Nor in wet *April*, 'tis his Spawning-Time,
 When Weakness more will blast your Hopes, than him.
 But

But if kind Fortune, at some Current's End,
Shews you clear Sands, that by Degrees descend,
Where some close Weeds his lab'ring Fins supply,
Or hanging Ofiers shade the sporting Fry,
Angler, take Courage, ev'ry Inch beware ;
For, if in all the Streams, the Herd is there.

Tempt not too evidently, keep out of Sight,
And rest assur'd, like greedy *Perch* they'll bite.

Elaborate Anglers take elaborate Pains,
Nor by Success would I distinguish Brains ;

But if Experience teach, and I impart,
Why should the Witlings laugh at real Art ?

Loaded with Bullets, like a Ship at *Hull*,
Oft on the *Thames* I've seen a hireling Skull
Of such capricious Virtuoso's full.



Oft have thy Banks, O *Lea*, been pester'd thus,
And Bands of Pike-men murder'd thy Repose:

Pike-men, I call'd 'em ; but I err'd, for all,
Like City Grenadiers, were arm'd with Ball ;

And

m.
But

And like them too, for Execution known,
Behold the Bullets drawn, the Rods laid down.
Fifth, if you dare, the fatal Place approach;
Somewhat like Death attends your ev'ry Touch.
Witness the tinkling of that Maurice-Bell,
Which rings the Angler's Folly, or your Knell.
Such their Discov'ries are, and thence they smile
At all their shallow Sense can't reconcile.
Yet with these Sophists round environ'd, I
Have stood whole Hours our mutual Luck to try.
They watch'd their Bells and Bullets, I my Float;
But my Success has ended the Dispute.
Travelling the Streams with Leisure, I have found
My Pastime alter, as I chang'd my Ground.
While those, intent upon their magick Spell,
Have only got the Vogue of Angling well.
But yet such Art, such Mystery's requir'd,
That my Success their Hopes alone has fir'd;
Their Model chang'd by mine, their Floats have swam;
Their Fortune nothing alter'd, mine the same.

The Art of Angling.

57

I'll tell thee then, mind, and Success ensues,
The deepest Pits in all the River chuse,
Where rising Sands the upper Depths relieve,
And Shelves impending th' astonish'd Game receive.
Here gently use the Plumb in ev'ry Part;
In this be nice, and after comes the Art.
Take Care the Float buoy nicely up the Lead,
Inches at least from the Eel's slimy Bed;
And let a Foot below thy Bait have Play;
Thine is the Conquest, thine from all the Day.

Or if uneven Bottoms should impede,
Raife gently up thy Bait, let Reason be thy Guide,
And ev'ry Swim will model and decide:

Nor dost thou only fish for *Barbel* here;
For most of Size will pay thy Pains and Care,
When, Robber like, they seize thee trav'ling there.
Pearch, Pike, and Carp, I this Way oft have caught,
And faulty *Chubs* and *Chevins* found no Fault.

Then sing the *Chevin* next, who's mostly found
In quick deep Streams that run o'er marly Ground;

I

For

58 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

For though in muddy Rivers much he preys,
 Yet there he nicely seeks the Sands or Clays ;
 Or else the Bridge his Safeguard is, and haunts :
 Where Strength in Tackle best his own supplants ;
 For if he bites, (as if you Caution use,
 And tempt with Nature, he will ne'er refuse)
 He's of his dangerous Holds with Ease bereav'd,
 And after some few Flounces, well deceiv'd.
 Here let your Hooks be large, your Angle strong,
 And strong your Lines, tho' hardly half so long :
 For if for him alone your Skill you try,
 Floats must be spar'd, as when you use the Fly,
 And gentle Dabs must summon him on high :
 But then beware, no Shadow, no, nor Noise ;
 For either he both fears, and always flies.
 But if with Caution you for Sport prepare,
 He bites both all the Day, and ev'ry where :
 Oft beaking under shady Trees he lies ;
 And then, if hid you are, he'll freely rise.

Or

Or tho' your Rod have struck him with its Shade,
Have Patience, and the Vertue's soon repaid.
Ev'n Swallows swooping o'er the chrystal Main,
Fright him, but soon the Coward mounts again.
Oft I with Lob-worms, in a hasty Stream,
Have had vast Sport, when Sport was least my Dream.
Yet still I found, that as the Day increas'd,
My Sport grew less, and nothing at the last.
But then by other Baits I oft have sped,
And other Baits true Anglers should not need.
The Dörr, the Caterpillar, Wasp, or Bee,
Or Grashopper, or Moth, nay, any Fly,
He'll take ; tho' yet, if I my Bait might chuse,
If to be got, I'd most the Mennow use ;
For if the River's deep, and Current strong,
Without Success you cannot tempt him long.
But then the Winds should somewhat too agree,
Unless your early Rise the Want supply ;
For he's so idle in the Mid-day Heat,
He'll hardly try the most alluring Bait.

60 *The Innocent Epicure* : Or,

But Cool so well he loves, that if you spare
 Him spawning *March*, he'll bite throughout the Year.
 Once near a rapid Scour I heard him prey,
 And drive the too incautious Fry away ;
 Hot was the Noon, which doubled my Surprise,
 And made me send on the Patrole my Eyes :
 My Eyes discover'd soon their Strength and Haunt,
 Which Art was soon as eager to supplant.
 Streight from the secret Treas'ry I withdrew,
 And caught me lovely Mennows not a few :
 With these again I to the Scour repair,
 And standing silent with the utmost Care,
 Close by the Covert with the Stream I slid,
 And rested only as Discretion bid,
 Till Quiet had recover'd that Alarm,
 The struggling Prize had giv'n the rest to arm ;
 Till weary thus the Onset I renew'd,
 And bashful Nature groan'd beneath her Load.
 Do thou the like, and if thou find'st the Place,
 I dare assure thee of the like Success.

The

The Art of Angling. 61

The *Bream*, less common, so more rarely known,
Requires the Angler's Study next, and Song.
Nice to Extreame, his Minutes you must wait,
And early with the Sun, or with the Moon-shine late.
Unless the Winds blow a fresh *Mack'rel* Gale,
And then of Sport all Day you will not fail.
With strong Silk Lines, and Hooks just Gudgeon small;
Rods long and strong, and Baits the chief of all;
Chuse some slow Stream, in its own Deepness black,
And let your Float not two Foot Water make.
There is his Haunt, and if your Length permit,
Just in the Middle of the gloomy Pit
You'll find him roving, and with Ease divine
'Tis he that flats your Float, by raising up your Line.
He gorges then; ah! Angler, ah! beware;
If large your Bait, you must no Patience spare;
If small, a little serves, his Mouth allows
Of nothing large, tho' neither he eschews;
Therefore, tho' some the large scour'd Dew-worm chuse,
Do thou the Flag, or well-scour'd Red-worm use.
He'll

62 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

He'll these with greedy Appetite devour ;
And when he bites, your Prize is always sure.
But my Experience ever must prefer
The small red Dew-worm, if with Pains and Care
Him first in Moss and Fennel you prepare.
These he with Passion loves, they hold his Eyes,
And suiting's Mouth, enlarge your Sport and Prize.
But at full Depth, if early, you may try
Your Fortune, and ill Fortune there defy.
Close underneath the Water-Dock he lies ;
Take care his Vigour does not cheat your Eyes :
He stops not there to gorge, but seeks his Hold,
And round the stubborn Stalks the Line will fold ;
Whence if you disengage your Hook and Prize,
Say Miracles have blest'd your living Eyes.
For Flies and Pastes, or other Baits, I've found
My Patience scarce with common Largess crown'd ;
And therefore leave the Angler there to try
If he can purchase better Luck than I.

Their

Their Humours all Things have; the *Pike* at Paste
Has struck, and for his Folly struck his last.

In *July*, at his Spawning, I the *Bream*
Have found most eager in a rapid Stream.

Close at the Bottom scouring there he lies,

And then will nibble any Bait he sees;

So diff'rent from all else his Nature is.

But this is random Chance, nor worth a Line;

For nothing well he takes in Spawning-Time.

His Stomach's queasy then, as in the rest;

And then the Angler wisely should desist.

Perhaps sometimes your Line or Hooks appear,

Or else the Heat gives Patience full Despair;

For Patience, tho' the Angler's first great Rule,

May from the wise Man merit Ridicule,

When she invades the Purlicus of the Fool.

How does the fawning Courtier daily wait,

Or those who follow Law, or Toys of State?

O *Delius*! by kind Fortune largely blest,

Let not the Cheats of Grandeur break thy Rest.

On

64 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

On Promises and Quick-sands ne'er depend ;

Nor on a Lord, tho' once thy seeming Friend.

Honour no Claim allows : Alas ! his State

Commands his Promises he first forget.

And where's the Statute that will Ease afford,

Since *Tom* the Promise made, and not *my Lord* ?

He quits past Friendship when he lofty grows,

And tho' he promise, well their Strength he knows ;

For if you bring him for't to Equity,

His Party's strong, and Privileges high.

In my own Bus'ness blest'd, contented I,

Who Grandeur seek not, and its Charms defy,

Ev'n I unmov'd, have heard a States-man prate

What mighty Things he'd do, what Favours get,

And never forfeited my Quiet yet.

Nay, more, believe me, Friend, (for I have known

Some Passages in Court, as well as Town)

Among the Men, whose sacred Character

Should harbour nothing, but what's most sincere,

Friend-

Friendship with great Preferment's rarely known ;

But, Bucket-like, this weighs the other down.

For tho' grave Blockheads cajole Men of Sense,

Their own dear Image have most Influence.

Let then Preferment by Resemblance go,

It can't move me, and with less Reason you.

You on paternal Acres, justly got,

May live, and great Men envy at your Lot ;

With a kind Partner of my Joys and Cares,

While freely I drill on Heav'n's bounteous Years,

With all my poor Endeavours fix'd to get

An honest Name, and moderate Estate.

Let griping *Codrus* Pen and Paper save,

And for his Issue, make himself a Slave :

By cunning let him all his Deeds disguise,

And affect Silence, to be fancy'd wife.

By Methods ill I'll purchase no Estate,

But Truth and Vertue love at any Rate.

Now from the chrystal Brooks and purling Streams,

Angler, withdraw ; but fly *Sol's* sultry Beams ;

K

Him

66 *The Innocent Epicure* : Or,

Him rising, *Persian* like, you might adore,
 And setting sometimes, bless the lucky Hour ;
 Yet when to either I my Mind apply,
 I chuse the first, and early out I hie.
 Then for the *Carp* and *Tench* I bend my Skill,
 And seek in muddy Ponds t' obtain my Will.
 Here they your Patience will and Strength require ;
 But ne'er so much admir'd, not oft your Baits admire.
 Sometimes in Rivers to your Lot they fall ;
 But there's no Vigor where the Hopes are small.
 Such human Frailty is, in Things divine,
 Kind Heav'n by Crowns is forc'd to force us in.
 But in full Ponds your Sport you need not fear,
 If Laziness be not your greater Care.
 For here to speed, you with the Sun must rise,
 And then the largest easiest are your Prize ;
 Tho' if beyond the second Watch you stay,
 The smallest only bite, and hardly they :
 Of such vast Moment is the Time and Day,
 Your balking those, oft balks your whole Essay.

But

But first, my *Tyro*, of your Lines beware,
For Conquest is not to be slighted here;
Tho' little Circumspection will suffice,
Yet you must sweat before you gain your Prize.
He's strong, will struggle, and unless prepar'd,
Your Conquest's doubtful, and your Labour hard.
Ponds weedy feed the *Tench*, and that that's clear
Best please the *Carp*; but both for Mud declare.
But in their Baits so closely they agree,
They feed, just as they live, promiscuously;
Both love their Baits, prepar'd with nicest Care,
And both best take 'em vilely strong of Tar.
Low at the Bottom too i' th' Deeps they lie,
And rarely, very rarely feed on high;
Tho' oft the *Carp*, in hottest Summer Days,
While on the Surface wantonly he plays,
On Bread or Worms with eager Passion preys.
But if your Rod or self offend his Sight,
He's gone, and blasts at once your whole Delight.

68 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

Fast in the Mud he sticks his Joulter Head,
 Nor cares in Haste to leave the owzy Beel.
 Let Caution therefore this Distress prevent,
 And Silence will not lessen your Content ;
 For if they hear not, of all Creatures, sure
 There's none that fly it, or that fear it more.
 If fat the Water be, and full of Feed,
 Long you may try, and Ages hardly speed ;
 Unless with Arts his Lusts you circumvent ;
 And Art all must allow it, and consent,
 In such fat Soils to angle with Content.
 Essay it then, the civick Chaplet win,
 And, *Tyro*, thus the bold Essay begin.
 With a small Float, unleaded, near the Side,
 Near to the Place he plays in, gently guide
 Thy rolling Bait, which on the Ground must lie,
 Not in the Depths, but almost Surface high.
 Decoy'd, he thus imagines it to crawl
 From neighb'ring Sods, or its too owzy Hole.

The

The Float extended, gives him no Distrust,
And Appetite betrays him not, but Lust.
This with Success I've try'd, while in the Deep
Others have slept, or Leisure had for Sleep.
He's humourfome at best, Experience tells;
For Season, Place, and Baits, and all Things else
Justly agreeing, I have one Time slain
Four Score, and at another not half ten;
And yet the wond'rous Myft'ry to explore,
A Net has largely paid the squander'd Hour.
Perhaps at Night they found some unknown Feed,
Or else the Soil dilated out their Breed;
For tho' in *May* they usually spawn,
Some cast in *April*, others say in *June*;
Tho' Nature certainly may Help receive
From Soils, and Waters may Assistance give:
For ev'n in human Bodies this we find,
Chang'd Climates to the Barren have been kind;
And, mew'd in Town, an Heirless loving Pair
Have blest'd the Country, and been fruitful there.

Nature

90 *The Innocent Epicure*: Or,

Nature is Nature still. Next let us see
What Baits should best the Angler's Art supply ;
The largest Red-worms highly some prefer,
'And for the smallest I must needs declare,
But have thou both, and thou'lt the better speed ;
For with Success at once I both have try'd ;
'And tho' to th' Side the small for Refuge fly,
Thou in the Middle more successfully
Shalt fish ; for tho' their Sport's perhaps secure,
Thy Prize is larger, and thy Glory more.
Unless the Waters, as before, too fat,
Deny their Breeding, and the Sport abate,
And from the small, transfer thee to the great.
Gentles and Cadbaits too some Sport may yield,
But yet the latter justliest claim the Field ;
And tho' for Pastes some mighty Men declare,
I never found the Secret worth my Care :
But still perhaps thou'rt for the chrystal Streams,
And for the Prospect, slight'st aerial Dreams.

Fair purling Brooks, by Meadows more than fair,
Are more your Choice, than any Conquest here.
Come then, I'll tell thee, if resolv'd to try
That Patience which exceeds Philosophy,
I'll tell thee where's their likeliest Haunt, and when
They freeliest bite, and easiest are ta'n.
If for the *Tench* thou seek'st, make it thy Care
To find the Pits that deep and quiet are.
No Stream thy Float by any Means should move,
But chuse the deepest Place, for such they love :
Nor should the Breeze disturb thy well-tarr'd Bait,
But long and early thou should'st wisely wait ;
And if the Rivers fruitful are, thou'lt find
They Red-worms love, and are both free and kind.
But if the *Carp* thy nobler Ardour fills,
Chuse still the Deeps, but in the gentle Rills.
Just in the midst he never fails to move,
And Marsh and Flag Worms takes with eager Love.
Nor may'st thou well thy former Baits despise,
His Mouth thou'lt find attend his greedy Eyes.
But

72 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

But still the early Morn, or Evening late,
Will crown, or make more probable thy Fate ;
Unless some Flash do kindly interpose,
And out the Sluggard from Retirement draws ;
Then for his Noonning, his Repose he leaves,
And sharply takes all he thinks Nature gives.
Nor can I blame thy just, thy happy Choice,
So great my own, my equal Passion is.
Clear Streams have Charms which standing Waters want,
And Meads have Beauties which the Envious grant ;
But when they join, as far they all excel,
As Maids their Lovers in dissembling well.

Oh ! Friend, oh ! Friend, what Fortune's so divine ?
What Fate's so safe or sweet as that of thine ?
Thou chear'st the Minutes, as they glide along,
Unmov'd at all the Follies of the Young.
Thou chear'st the Minutes, for to thee they bear
Scarce the minutest Part of human Care.
Thus by the Streams, and there supinely laid,
With Thoughts for which Mankind was chiefly made.

No

No Care, no Mischief in thy worst Intent,
All, like thy Recreation's innocent.
Thro' Nature's Opticks thou do'st wisely look,
And read'st thy Maker in the fairest Book.

The *Fluke* or *Flounder* next exacts my Song,
A bold Free-booter, and deferr'd too long,
Few at the Table, fewer far exceed
At Sport, his Strength regard we, or his Feed.
To find him, only seems the difficult Task;
Nor will he found, Niceness or Patience ask :
Like our Free-Thinkers, all goes glibbous down,
Voracious to his own Destruction.
They Reason plead, but rarely Reason use ;
Thus, tho' the Hook be seen, he'll ne'er refuse.
To find him then, attend the Mills or Wears,
Where rapid Streams the sandy Hillock rears.
There on the Scour he waits the coming Feed,
Just where the Current bids the Sands recede ;
Tho' when the Streams are ting'd from hasty Show'rs,
He takes the rapid, and defies its Force.

74 *The Innocent Epicure* : Or,

Well leaded then, and floatless, Fortune try,
If there, he lazy ever scorns to lie.

Large Lob-worms summon him at distant Sight;
I've seen him on the Surface put a Snake to Flight:

Or if the Float, as first advis'd, you use,
Yet still the Lob-worm for the Bait I'd chuse;

And duly leaded, if the Stream you tread,
Unless your Hooks are larger than his Head,
Not grutching Time, you cannot fail to speed.

Yet ere we part, O thou, whom Verse, nor Prose,
Tho' that be rich, tho' this divinely flows,

Commends enough; while thee I struggling hold,
Permit me here thy Merits to unfold.

Others their Seasons know, and keep; but thou,
Like Vertue, do'st to no Distinction bow.

Always in Force, and at all Times in Breed,
As if in thee Nature consulted Need:

The Sick implore thee, and the Healthy bless;
All Constitutions thy Efforts confess.

Tell

Tell me, ye Naturalists, who well explore
Great Nature's greatest Secrets, and confess her Pow'r,
Why do they Times, just Seasons, why refuse,
And wanted always, always are in Use?
Bounty immense! to thee we must apply,
And Reason silent, thou wilt tell us why;
For Reason's but a human Lamp at best,
Which dies without thy Oil, extinguish'd, not refresh'd.
Amidst thy Bounties then let this be plac'd;
And surely this Confession is not waste,
That to Man's Wants thou could'st so well afford
Such Helps, and with such kindly Plenty stor'd.

Next, Muse, the *Roach*, (and less regarded Fry)
Thy Work's ev'n done; for these no Industry,
No mighty Art, no skilful Care require,
Where Force will make Discov'ries on Desire.
Each puny Tyro here can eas'ly tell
The Ways of taking, that's of Angling well;
For small the Difference is, where perfect Force
And vulgar Method makes the Captive yours.

76 *The Innocent Epicure* : Or,

Tho' ev'n in this, if you would angle fine,
You'll find it highly pay your low Design ;
And tho' the break your single Hair, the Cross
Is small, and small the patient Angler's Loss ;
Put on a new, they'll bite with equal Haste,
And swallow Cadbait, Gentles, Flies, or Paffe ;
Nay, Worms in windy Weather they'll devour,
Presented every where, and every Hour ;
For unless Heat them to the Surface call,
They'll (if unseen) no Caution use at all ;
Or tho' upon the Streams they beaking lie,
Unlead your Line, and then both Worm and Fly
Will fatal prove, if naturally cast,
And not with rustick Skill, or frightful Haste.
In *Witbam*, and fair *Thames's* higher Streams,
A Kind of *Roach* there is, which rustick Swains
Call *Rudd*. His Colour is of purest Gold,
Strong, broad, and thick, most lovely to behold.
This at the Surface will with Freedom bite
At small Red-worms, or Flies, his like Delight.

But,

But, Angler, if you meet him, pray take Care ;
He struggles long, and breaks the single Hair.

But soft, my Muse, thy soon-suspended Aid
I now invoke again ; my Haste betray'd
My Knowledge. There, see swiftly how he flies,
Like Lightning quick, and like that pass'd my Eyes.
The Archer's Arrow no such Swiftneſs knows ;
In vain the Angler or his Skill purſues.
In *March* he spawns, tho' then he'll freely bite,
Perhaps the Froſts provoke his Appetite.
Then wiſely would you, and 'tis worth your Care,
Wiſely to prosper, all your Skill prepare ;
The *Trout's* Companion both in Feed and Soil,
And rarely caught with leſs than equal Skill.
In Summer on the Scours the Wanton lies,
And (if unſeen) he all Day long will riſe :
But ne'er ſo gameſome, ne'er ſo briſk before,
Once ſeen, he flies you, and will riſe no more ;
Therefore behind ſome Buſh thy ſelf conceal,
And with the Fleſh-fly thou wilt rarely fail ;

Or

78 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

Or else upon the Ground with Caution laid,
 Yet so as to erect both Hand and Head,
 Cast out thy Fly, the largest wisely chuse;
 Nor will he largest or the small refuse :
 For tho' on Caddice, Worms he'll feed, or Paste,
 Flies and their Parent Gentles take him best.
 Floats usefess are, unless the Worm you try,
 And with the rising Flash successfully
 Descend the Stream, than any Thing he takes,
 And like the *Trout*, but small Distinction makes.
 This for the *Dace*. Once more, and then adieu,
 The *Gudgeon's* Haunts, and Hours of biting shew ;
 For tho' small Art the little Prize suffice,
 His Sport's as good, and with the greatest vies.
 The River-*Smelt* he is, and if as rare,
 None doubts but he would lose in the Compare.
 Few Lessons will the Angler's Use supply,
 Where he's so ready of himself to die ;
 For if no Heats or Flashes interpose,
 His Prize he'll hold, and yours you cannot lose.

But

But should those Obstacles your Sport bereave,
This Method will at all Times well relieve;
With some long Pole raise up his Love, the Sand,
And all are summon'd, and at your Command;
Or else, if clear and shallow, wade the Ford,
And if the Water's plentifully stor'd,
You to your own Content may kill, tho' he
You'll find resolv'd upon the Victory.
But yet in Spawning-Time he lies full low
I' th' Deeps, and bites not, tempted never so ;
For I in *April* fruitful Streams have try'd,
And found my Art and all my Pains deny'd :
Nay, not the cordial Gentle could auspicious prove,
Nor the small Red-worm, his continual Love,
Could change my Fortune, or his Fancy move ;
Tho' then in rapid Eddies, which they love,
A few, and large, the Cow-dung Worm may move.

The *Bleak* small Flies upon the Surface takes,
And never the least Hesitation makes.

With

80 *The Innocent Epicure : Or,*

With an observing Eye, and curious Hand,
Any Advantage eas'ly is obtain'd.
But if the sportive racy Fry you chuse,
And Sport's too great a Pleasure to refuse,
To some deep Eddy prudently repair,
A tender Rod and tender Line your Care,
There let your lowest Hook the Bottom tread,
Baited with Worms, and arm'd above with Lead,
Just Weight enough your slender Float to poize,
Just deep enough to guide your watchful Eyes.
Each Foot above the first you must provide
With Hooks more slender, and with Niceness ty'd
To single Hairs, six Inches long at most ;
These bait with Gentles, or Caddice, Gentles lost ;
And as around your Float the Eddy moves,
You'll find your End, and he what best he loves.
But tho' your Aim be little, pray beware,
And strike at ev'ry Bite with nicest Care ;
Perhaps a *Roach* of Size, or *Dace* of Weight,
Perhaps a *Chub* or *Trout* may take the Bait ;

Fear

Fear not with playing to disturb the Game ;
A Minute's Patience will restore the same :
Your Pannier fill'd, your Pains will well requite,
And like *Apicinus* you may feast at Night.

Desist, my Muse, thy Work at last is past,
Which with the Angling Few shall always last :
Without thy Aid, Sense shall supply the rest ;
No Rules they want, scarce merit Verse at least.

The *Mennon*, Flatterer like, is always nigh ;
The Angler's Plague, and oft the Angler's Joy ;
For taken, oft he useful is to take
Chub, *Pearch*, and *Pike* no Hesitation make
To perish Martyrs for his tiny Sake.

Where'er he breeds, he keeps a fearful Rout,
And few the Rivers are, that are without.

The *Bull-head* too, to catch each School-boy knows ;
And to the *Eel*, Reason no Verse allows.

Like Worms engend'ring, they no Sport can make ;
For what is Sport, when Decency's the Stake ?

82 *The Innocent Epicure*. Or,

But if my *Delius* to the Toil incline,
 - One Rule I'll give, to close with his Design;
 After strong thund'ring Show'rs your Fortune try
 With Lob-worms, and strong Lines a strong Supply;
 And while your Stock endures, the slimy Crew
 Will shear your Hooks, and plague your Cloths and you.
 Tho', would you my Advice sincerely take,
 You first this Tryal of their Worth should make.
 Hot Dung the slimy Vermin soon will find,
 If in o'erflowing Meadows well design'd.
 There, when you will the nasty Jakes remove,
 Reason will terminate your Care and Love.
 In cluster'd Heaps, like Worms, thou'lt see 'em lie,
 And soon decide their wise Philosophy,
 Who see no Spawn, and ask the Reason why.

The *Ruff*, no Commoner, shall close my Song,
 A bold free Biter, tho' a little one;
 For since of Filth I treat, if Sense, 'twere Sin
 To end with Monsters, and with Maids begin.

They

They *Gentles* love, but small *Redeworms* will chuse,
 And, *Attenon* like, at no Time will refuse.
 Have *Patience* when th'ast found the haunted Hole,
 And they'll not leave thee e'er th'ast taken all.
 Thus they in *Nature* too, as well as *Make*,
 Except in *Largeness*, with the *Pearch* partake.
 These *Norwich* plenteous Streams most justly boast,
 Here most belov'd, and here abounding most.
 Nor must I sacred *Cam* in this forget;
Cam in my Verse, for nobler Reasons set,
 To raise my Song, for 'tis the Muse's Seat.
 No Wonder there the wat'ry Natives throng,
Amphion's Harp drew Woods and Rocks along:
 They of all *Kinds*, Admirers may command,
 While she's the Urn of *Cowley's* sacred Hand,
 Nor, happy *Nyne*, must thou my Verse evade,
 Whose charming Streams my youthful Sallies had.
 There were my innocent Hours not badly spent;
 O that I had no greater to repent !

84 *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

Unpoach'd are all thy Streams, thy Meadows free;
 What Stream is worthy to compare with thee?
 What but fair *Trent*, that wherefoe'er she flows,
 Nature luxuriant in her Favour shows?
 Not thrice ten Rivers, as some meanly fame,
 But thrice so many Natives give her Name;
 Tho' should we trace her to her spacious Jaws,
 Thrice thrice ten various Kinds we might disclose
 The Angler's Luxury thou art, and he
 No Recreation wants, that lives by thee.
 Poach'd *Wellin* slipt, I must not yet disclaim,
 My Love, my well acquainted *Witham's* Name;
 Tho' rented out, the Largest of the Poor,
 The Angler's Pride she is, no River more.
 Idle must pass; for tho' I oft have try'd,
 She always Love, and often Sport deny'd;
 Much less deserves she such penurious Care,
 To punish * Ladies when they angle there.

Speak

* A Story well known in Nottinghamshire.

Speak not, my Muse, thy Verse it sure would blast
To name, and more to justify the Beast.
Poor Streams, thy well-taught Natives justly fly
Thy Master's Bounty, and his Tyranny.
But *Dun* would blame the Justice of my Pen,
Who kindly us'd, return'd it not again :
But *Dun* from Anglers shall not fail of Praise,
E'en more than my poor humble Verse can raise;
For mighty, sure, must be her vast Desert,
Who from an Arm can such Delight impart.
O! *Dern*, thy Pleasures oft my Mind employ,
Much greater Streams may justly envy thee;
Scarce one of all the wat'ry Court is found,
That does not in thy little Streams abound.
Witness ye River-Nymphs, and ev'ry Shade,
How often this my ardent Wish I've made.
Bless'd might I with a moderate Estate,
Which my own Labour never spar'd to get;
Bless'd might I live an honest Country Swain,
And with Content in little Compass reign :

86 *The Innocent Epicure: Or,*

No spacious * *Fabricks* would I care to boast,
 Convenient Neatness would delight me most;
 Where from my Shades I could with Joy survey
 Expanding Meads that on each Side me lay;
 Just in the midst a Rivulet should pass,
 With pleasing Murmurs, and transparent Grace:
 If falling Waters reach'd from far my Ear,
 'Twould raise the Landskip, and depress my Care.
 Far off some good old † *Tow'r* should strike my View,
 And teach the certain State of Things below.
 There neighb'ring Grandeur might unenvy'd reign,
 While I'm allow'd by all the happy Man;
 Lov'd by my Friends, and if I must have Foes,
 Envy'd for my plain honest Truth by those.
 But let all Vice, ye Pow'rs, be banish'd hence,
 And that Religion which is all Pretence,

At

* *This is a Prospect of the Dern, drawn at Barnbrough in Yorkshire.*

† *Consborough Castle, where King Canutus his Tomb is to this Day shewn.*

At my own Table I'd have no Man see
Extravagance, and much less Penury.
Nor should the Poor of cruel Want complain;
Nor should the Wrong'd implore my Help in vain;
Nor should my Sallies far from Home extend,
To see a Field, or chear a drooping Friend;
Or with the darling Partner of my Life,
That mightiest Comfort of my Days, my Wife,
Haste to the Neighbour Streams, our Luck to try,
And baulk'd in Sport, return assur'd of Joy.
Such would I be; but if the Pow'r's design
Me other Fate, why Fortune is not mine,
With a sincere Dependance I submit,
Since I return but his, that gave me it.

Such is the Angler's Life, so truly blest
Are those that wait on fickle Fortune least;
At That taste my Joys, and hold them what they are,
And scorn to bring Things trivial in Compare.

F I N I S.

The Art of Angling.

At my own Table I'd have no Minstrel
 Extravagance, and much less Banquet
 Nor should the Fear of cold Water complaining
 Nor should the Wrong'd implore my Help in vain
 Nor should my Sallics far from Home extend
 To see a Field, or cheat a drooping Friend
 Or with the dashing Partner of my Life
 That mightiest Comfort of my Days, my Wife
 Flie to the Neighbourhood, our Luck to try
 And hardly'd in sports and sweat of Joy
 Such would I be: but this is design
 No other Fate, no other mine
 With a sincere Dependence I will live
 Since I know that she that gave me life
 Such is the Angler's life, to truly live
 And those that wait on Noble Fortune lead
 That false and false, and bold, and vain, what they are
 And Counting Things which are no Counting



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